

1864

Jeanie Morrison

William R. Dempster

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JEANIE MORRISON,



"I wonder, Jeanie, often yet,
When sitting on that bank,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof look'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think."

A BALLAD.

The words by

MOTHERWELL.

Composed and respectfully dedicated to his friend

JAMES T. FIELDS ESQ

BY

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Thayer & Co. Lith.

Price 50 cts. net.

→ BOSTON. ←

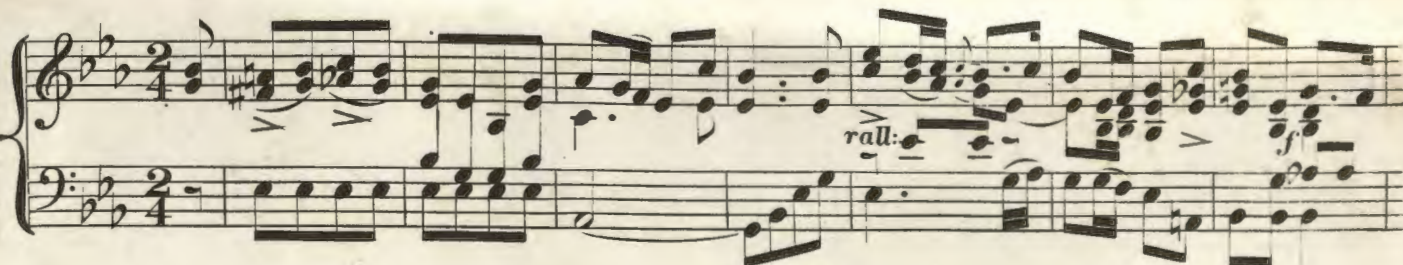
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JEANIE MORRISON.

Poetry by WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Music by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

ANDANTINO
E CON
ESPRESSONE.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west, Through many a weary way; But

Dim:

ne - ver, never can forget The love o' life's young day! The fire that's blawn on

Beltane e'en, May weel be black 'gin Yule; But blacker fa' a - waits the heart But

ad lib:

black' fa' a - waits the heart Where first fond love grows cool.

colla voce.

O dear, dear Jeanie Mor - rison, The

thoughts o' by-gone years Still fling their shadows o'er my path, And blind my een, wi'

tears; They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears, And sair and sick I pine, As

memory i-dly summons up As memory i-dly summons up The blithe blinks o' lang

syne. 'Twas

then we lov'd ilk ither weel, 'Twas then we twa did part; Sweet time sad time! twa

bairns at school, Twa bairns and but ae heart! 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink, To

leir ilk ither lear; And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed And

tones, and looks, and smiles were shed, Re-membered ever mair.

rall: ad lib: e espress:

colla voce.

f

My head rins round and

round about, My heart flows like a sea, As ane by ane the thoughts rush back O'

school-time and o' thee. O' morning life! O' morn-ing love! O' lightsome days and

lang, When hinnied hopes a-round our hearts When hinnied hopes around our hearts Like

simmer blossoms sprang!

rall: Dim

f Dim:

5.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touching cheek, loof locked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think?
 When baith bent down o'er ae braid page,
 Wi' ae book on our knee;
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

6.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 Our cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the school-weans, laughing, said
 We cleek'd thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturday,
 (The school then skail't at noon,)
 When we ran aff to speel the braes —
 The broomy braes o' June?

7.

O, mind ye, love, how aft we left
 The deavin', dinsome town,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon?
 The simmer leaves hung o'er our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin o' the wood
 The throssil whistled sweet; —

8.

The throssil whistled in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees;
 And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

9.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trickled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet none
 Had any power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled — unsung!

10.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' early thoughts
 As ye hae been to me:
 O, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine;
 O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne.

11.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way;
 And channels deeper, as it rins,
 The love o' life's young day.

12.

O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!

☞ This poem is written professedly in the Scottish dialect. In order to make it more generally understood, the words have been spelled in English, where it has not interfered with the sense; but as it contains some expressions which cannot be rendered purely English, and belong exclusively to the idiom of the Scottish tongue, a glossary is here appended, in order to make such explanation as is thought necessary to a general appreciation and the full enjoyment of this beautiful ballad.

GLOSSARY.

Beltane e'en; a highland festival, held on the evening of the first of May, when fires are kindled for the occasion.
Croon; a continued low sound or murmur.
Deavin'; deafening.

Dinsome; noisy.
Gin; if, by, or against.
Gin Yule; by Christmas.
Gloamin; twilight.
Grat; wept, shed tears.
Grit; full to overflowing.
Hinnied; honeyed.

Knowe; a small round hillock.
Laigh bink; low bank.
Leir ilk iher leir; teach each other learning.
Loof; palm of the hand.
Saut; salt.
Sindered; separated.

Skail't; scattered.
Speel; climb.
Throssil; thrush, or mavis; one of the sweetest singing birds that inhabit Scotland.
Yule; Christmas.

